In the Dead of the Night.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Wedding-Day.

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IN the dead of the night when with labor oppreſs'd,
All mortals enjoy the calm bleſſings of reſt,
A boy knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noiſe,
Who is it I ſaid, who is it that my reſt thus deſtroys?

He anſwered ſo ſoftly, ſo gently, ſo mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child;
It's a cold rainy night, I am wet to the ſkin,
And I have loſt my way ſo pray let me in.

In compaſſion I aroſe, and ſtriking a light,
I opened the door, when the boy ſtood in ſight;
He had wings on his ſhoulders the rain from them dripp'd,
And with his bow and arrows the boy was equipp'd.

I ſtirr'd up my fire, ſet him down by my ſide
And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd,
I chafed him all over to keep out the cold
And I wrung with my hands the wet from his hair.

No ſooner from wet and from cold he found eaſe,
Than he took up the bow and ſaid, Madam if you pleaſe,
I would fain with your leave by experiment know
If the rain has not damaged the ſtrings of my bow.

Then ſtraight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
Which he aim'd at my heart and twang went the yew,
My bow is undamaged ſaid he and my dart
And you will find much trouble in bearing the ſmart,